THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

E. P. WORCESTER & CO., Publishers.

COLBY. - - - - - - - KANSAS.

GRANDMA.

Before my mind there comes to-night
My dear old Grandma's face;
I see her sitting by the fire,
In her old accustomed place.

I see those dark and lovely eyes
Look full into my own.
I see her smile, and hear her voice
In soft and tender tone.

She lays her aged hand in mine,
And speaks of days gone by.
She tells me of her many friends,
While tear-drops dim each eye.

She speaks in tender, loving tones
Of those whom we call dead;
Recounts their many acts of love
And kindly words they said.

She tells me of the living ones
Who're scattered far and wide,
And grieves because they can not meet
Around the home fireside.

She tells me of her dear old home
E'er Death had entered there;
Of youthful days, when hope was strong,
And life seemed bright and fair.

She speaks of many sorrows borne,
Of trials hard to bear;
Of failing health and bended form,
Of years of pain and care.

And now, in half impatient tones,
She says "She wonders why,
When folks have past their usefulness,
They're not allowed to die."

No one has past life's usefulness
While love beams from the eye;
While pleasant smiles and cheering words
Bring Heaven to Earth so nigh.

There's nothing else in all the world
Can thrill my being so
As happy smiles and love-lit eyes
And tones so soft and low.

As I, in fancy, gaze upon
My dear old Grandma's face,
I think: "Who else in all the world
Could really fill her place."

More than four-score weary years
Have weighed her down with care;
Have made her steps so slow and weak,
And bleached her lovely hair.

I know full well that soon they'll say:
"Your Grandma's laid to rest.
The tired hands will folded lie
On a cold and pulseless breast."

But Grandma ne'er can die (to me),
For memory's magic power
Will e'er surround me with her love,
Like fragrance from a flower.

In childhood's hour she tended me,
In sickness bathed my brow;
With mild reproof she taught me right;
Can I forget her now?

Can I forget those handsome eyes,
So filled with love's own light;
Or the gentle voice and loving words,
Which made my childhood bright?

Earth may claim the feeble form,
But Grandma's lovely face
In the sacred halls of memory
Shall have an honored place.

—*Mrs. B. F. Harrison, in Chicago Herald.*

NEW YORK NEWSGIRLS.

The Tricks, Charms and Dangers of their Trade.

Sitting in comfortable down-town restaurants on these chilly autumn evenings, with the grateful fragrance of a good dinner perfuming the atmosphere, the man of business witnesses an occasional sight outside of the doors and windows in the cheerless street that sometimes fills his heart with pity and perhaps takes away some of the exuberance of his appetite. It is the sad and wistful face of one of the innumerable little newsgirls who sell papers in the lower part of the city, and who now gazes wistfully and hungrily from the outside cold at the picture of good cheer within that she may not share. Perhaps, if the waiters are not near the door, she ventures to open it, come inside and offer her papers to the men at the tables; but she is generally driven into the street again before she is able to effect a sale. But he is a hard-hearted man, indeed, who, coming out well fed and contented, can resist the appeal: "Mister, please buy a paper. I've only got two left."

Down at the ferries, about Park row and the Post-Office, in Nassau, Wall, all the down-town business streets and in Broadway, scores of little girls are engaged afternoon and evening in the sale of the papers. They are in all degrees of rags and tatters and they represent almost every nationality furnished by the tenement-house population, with a majority of Irish and Italian children among them. They are of all ages and sizes, from tiny mites of even four and five years, up to well-grown lassies of sixteen and seventeen years. Many of them are careful and tidy in dress and person, and some of the older ones compare favorably in appearance with the pretty New York shop girls, but there are others who are dirty, careless and abandoned. Not a few of them are gentle, sweet and pretty when they begin their career as newsvenders, but contact with the others and the life they are forced to live in the streets, soon rub off the bloom, and in most cases harden them into premature little termagants. They are obliged to take their own part in the struggle with the rough boys of their own class; they fight their own battles, regardless of sex; they frequent saloons and bar rooms late at night and listen to the vile jests of brawlers and roughs. No wonder that they lose their gentle manners and girlish traits and become unsexed and depraved; that their faces lose the innocence of childhood and oftener than not become impressed with the unmistakable stamp of low cunning and vice. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to this rule and a few of the little newsgirls retain their pretty faces and modest manners through all the years they run about the streets.

The newsgirl is differently situated from the newsboy. Not a few of the latter are homeless and fatherless little Nomads who drift about from one city to another, living at the newsboys' homes, or sleeping in the streets. But most of the little girls have homes to go to, squalid and humble though most of them are, and a few even attend school in the morning and leave in time to begin the sale of the afternoon papers as soon as the first editions are issued. From this early hour many of them remain out until midnight, in storm or sunshine, heat or cold, until the last paper is sold.

The hackneyed story of the little girl who is beaten when she returns home without having disposed of her stock in trade is generally pooh-poohed when it is mentioned; but it is true, nevertheless, in many cases, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for men who are out late at night to find a little girl, with one or two papers under her arm, sobbing in a doorway or under a gas-lamp because she is afraid to go home. Ask her what is the matter, and when she tells you the tale will sound so familiar that you scarcely believe it. Tell her harshly that that story is played out and go on your way, and notice how uncomfortable you feel when you consider that it is barely possible that her tale is true. Then sneak back stealthily, as if you were about to commit a crime, buy her papers and give her a coin you can always easily spare and you will sleep better.

A few of the little newsgirls are well known to down-town business men. One little Italian girl, not more than seven or eight years old, has a pretty little trick of her own, which very often proves effective in selling a paper or bringing forth the present of a coin. The hurried pedestrian on Nassau street, near Fulton, is surprised to feel a soft little hand close upon his finger, and when he looks down a pretty but dirty little face is turned smilingly up to his, and the child who trots along beside him holding his finger asks: "Please buy a paper, mister?" Even a rough man dislikes to break away from the gentle grasp of the small fingers, and the confiding smile and soft voice of the child almost invariably effects a sale. Most of the newsgirls, however, make sales by sheer force of endurance. They will follow a possible customer for a block, walking so closely in front of him that he can scarcely take a step, and imploring him to make a purchase. If the victim argues that he already has a paper and does not desire a duplicate, the girl will say: "Well, you didn't buy that one of me, mister. Please buy one of me!"

What becomes of the newsgirls is a question almost as abstruse as the problem relative to the disappearance of pins. One who frequents the same localities down-town notices the same faces year after year, until they suddenly disappear entirely from his observation, and others take their places. But they never seem to grow older, and as their newspaper trade does not lead to advancement, they can not be imagined to have climbed out of sight on the ladder of prosperity. One little girl who for several years sold papers in front of Nash & Crook's restaurant in Park Row had sufficient resolution to study telegraphy in her spare moments, and now she holds a position as operator in the Western Union building. Another newsgirl who came under the writer's notice had one of the opportunities that are usually offered only in Sunday-school books, but she failed to take the right advantage of it. Her story is not uninteresting:

About five years ago, a newspaper reporter was passing along Park Row, near Ann street, in the afternoon, when he observed a particularly gloomy small boy moodily counting a few pennies at the edge of the gutter with a bundle of papers under his arm. While he was thus engaged a depraved and ragged urchin, several years older and many sizes larger, swooped down upon him, seized his pennies and bolted across the street toward the Post-office. The gloomy, small boy seized him by the coat tails—or that portion of his coat nearest where the tails would have been if they had not been torn off—and was wafted with him across the street through a labyrinth of horses, wagons and street cars, screaming meanwhile at the top of his voice. The depraved urchin was so much annoyed by the little fellow's attentions that he proceeded to confer upon him a scientific thrashing, and all the other newsboys and girls in the vicinity became interested and came over to observe and admire. But before the thrashing had been entirely administered a tattered damsel of perhaps ten or twelve years appeared upon the scene, and, from the manner of the reception, it was obvious that she was a person of some reputation and importance in affairs of a similar nature.

"Wot's the row?" she inquired, elbowing her way toward the center of the throng. A score of voices informed her. At the sound of her voice the depraved urchin suddenly ceased his pugilistic operations, turned pale and made a violent effort to break through the crowd. The tattered damsel caught sight of him.

"Take my papers," she cried, handing them to a conscienceless small boy, who at once belted and sold them at Fulton Ferry, to his personal aggrandizement.

The luckless fighter made several fruitless efforts to get out of the ring and then began to wail in anticipation of his approaching doom, though he was older and taller than the avenger. The little Amazon grasped him by the hair and delivered a series of right-handers upon his countenance with so much fervor that the life-blood streamed from his nose and his bellowings might have been heard six miles away, while the group of small spectators howled with delight. Having punished him sufficiently, the tattered damsel let him go and turned her attention to his little victim. The gloomy small boy was gloomier than ever. His nose was also bleeding, and the little girl who had avenged him of his adversary produced a very dirty handkerchief and sent one of her maids of honor to dip it in the drinking-fountain.

"Wot was he lickin' ye fer?" she inquired, tenderly.

"He—he stole my—my money," sobbed the little fellow.

The Amazon at once looked savagely about for the depraved urchin, who, deeming danger past, was starching the flow of blood from his nose near a neighboring street-lamp, howling dismally the while and gazed upon by an interested throng. Seeing her again descending upon him he screamed, cowered and gave himself up for lost.

"Where's the kid's money?" demanded the little Amazon, in a terrible voice.

"Here 'tis," cried the culprit, diving into his pocket. "Don't lick me no more. I'll give it to you."

The Amazon counted it and asked the small boy if it was right. Then she turned to the depraved urchin and said: "If you ever touch that kid again won't I just lick you, though! I'll lick you till they call an ambulance."

The reporter who witnessed this sanguinary affair "wrote it up" forthwith. A day or two later a gilded youth appeared at the newspaper office and desired to be placed in communication with the writer of the story. He told the reporter that his aunt, a wealthy and philanthropic maiden lady, had read the tale of the chivalrous little Amazon, and desired to see her with a view to adopting her and giving her an education. Therefore the reporter and the gilded youth went forth to seek her. They found her in Ann street playing pitch-penny with four ragged boys. This somewhat dampened the ardor of the gilded youth, who decided to see his aunt again before bringing a gambler into the family. The aunt was of the opinion that a course of The Shorter Catechism would eradicate all desire for pitch-penny from the child's mind and imbue her with a preference for sewing patch-work—wherein that estimable lady made one of the greatest mistakes of her life. The little girl was infatuated with the idea of going to live in a fine house, and her parents, who had half a dozen more children, were easily persuaded that it would be to her advantage.

The philanthropic lady took the child home, and she received a bath and a new outfit of clothing. For the first day she was perfectly happy with her dolls; and but for the fact that she brought in a strange dog from the street and organized a fight between that animal and her benefactress' favorite cat in the parlor, her conduct was exemplary. The next morning she had to be washed by main force, and before night she was pining for the street and her old acquaintances. The following day she was miserable in spite of all attempts to amuse her, and at night she escaped, exchanged her dress in a cellar in Ann street for one that allowed greater opportunities of ventilation and joined her old companions. She was twice taken back, and the last time she remained a month, but her spirit was too wild to be tamed, and at present she is selling papers at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. Her case is an extrordinary one, however, for numbers of little girls who have been taken from the street have grown up to respectability when adopted into comfortable homes.

Many of these children earn enough to help out the domestic finances considerably. One little girl ten years old, who sells papers in Park row, told the writer that she made fifty cents some days, and that she was enabled to pay her own tuition at a parish school, besides helping her mother. She is one of eight small children of a bricklayer who lives in a tenement house in Oak street, and she reads and writes remarkably well. But it is a hard life the little ones lead, and he who heeds the timid appeal: "Please buy a paper," may always feel that he has not squandered his money, even if he should tell the small girl to keep the change from his dime or nickel.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A NOVEL ORGAN.

One Which Is Built upon the Model of the Human Throat.

One of the greatest novelties shown at the Franklin Institute Exhibition in Philadelphia is the vocalian organ. It has followed the process of producing sound which is peculiar to the vocal organs of men and animals, and by this method great sonority, purity and strength are obtained by more compact means than those employed in the pipe organ. In the vocalian organ the wind is conducted into the wind chest, which represents the human lungs, by a wind trunk from the bellows below. Leading out from this chest is a throat, resembling the trachea, and a short distance within and across the throat is a peculiar reed, which performs the same function as the vocal chord in the human throat. The sound produced by the vibration of the reed meets with a contraction a little distance further within the throat similar to that at the fauces, whence it enters into the mouth cavity. For low notes there are large throats and reeds and mouths a foot square and for high notes proportionately short throats and small reeds and mouths. In each mouth-cavity is a round hole, corresponding to the nasal opening of the human subject and performing the same function for the vocalian that the nostril does for the man, assisting the vibration and modifying or improving the quality of the sound emitted. Economy of space is one of the advantages of the vocalian organ, the equivalent of eight hundred notes or pipes being packed in a compass not much larger than an upright piano. The instrument has three banks of keys, two and a half octaves of pedals and twenty stops, by means of which the sounds of all the instruments commonly imitated on pipe organs can be reproduced. The advantages claimed by the vocalian organ is that it remains in perfect tune. Pipe organs being subject to the influence of changes of temperature, their pitch varies with heat or cold, and to the refined ear they are seldom in perfect tune. The merit claimed for the vocalian is that certain of its stops are even finer than any known to the pipe organ, and that in the matter of power it is equivalent to the pipe-organ, except in the heavier bass notes, which, in the inventor's opinion, do not require a greater volume than that of the vocalian. Mr. Hamilton's invention is an altogether novel instrument, and is attracting a great deal of critical attention.—*Cor. Chicago Sun.*

—Ourself and wife were pleased to meet and form the acquaintance of Mr and Mrs. Walter E. Cansdell, of Cameron, on our way to St. Joseph last Thursday night. Mr. C. is the brilliant editor of the Princeton *Telegraph*. Mrs. Cansdell and Mrs. Bear enjoyed themselves hugely together, while their old men were out with the remainder of the boys imparting a crimson glow to the town of old St. Joseph.—*Jamesport (Mo.) Times.*

—A disappointed man is Thomas A. Edison's father, who says he didn't think his boy amounted to much when he left home to sell newspapers on the cars.—*Philadelphia Press.*

BIRMINGHAM.

The Founding and Development of the Magic City of the South.

Birmingham, the magic city of the South, was incorporated December 19, 1871, and is beautifully situated in Jones' Valley, Jones County, Ala., and is the county seat at present. The former capital town of Jefferson County was Elyton, distant about two miles, now a suburb of the city, containing a number of fine residences. James R. Powell, John T. Miller and Samuel Tait were the original promoters and founders of the new city. They saw their chance to make a fortune, and had the nerve and means to go in and win by buying up the lands about the time the South & North Alabama & Chattanooga Roads were being built through this then wild and comparatively unknown section, for, until then, little if anything was known of the vast mineral wealth here deposited.

The gentlemen previously named, after a careful survey of the lands, for the purpose of ascertaining beyond doubt the extent, quality, etc., of the coal, iron and limestone, were fully assured of the almost inexhaustible quantity and of the superior quality of the same. Immediately they set about forming a company or syndicate for the purpose of developing the lands and bringing into market these rich deposits that had lain hidden for unknown ages. A location for a city was carefully and judiciously selected, surveyed, and, as our friend, "Boss" Shepherd would say, laid out in a comprehensive plan, with the eye of faith to the future greatness of the embryo city. The reports at first were doubtfully received, so incredible they seemed. It was hard for the staid old iron masters of Pennsylvania and other mineral regions to believe that such vast deposits of minerals could exist in the South, and that it could remain here or elsewhere for so long a time undiscovered. Shrewd and enterprising iron men and capitalists of New Castle, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va., came on to see for themselves, and were convinced of the truthfulness of the statements made. They purchased lands and erected furnaces, mills, etc. The result has been marvelous. The taxable property of the city of Birmingham was in 1883, $2,682,909, and in 1884 had increased to $3,302,136. The city is lighted with a superior gas manufactured from coal procured in the immediate vicinity. Water of a good quality is furnished from a clear stream that flows near by. A paid fire department is maintained, while the police and sanitary are all that could be expected. The city boasts of a pretty opera-house, capable of seating 1,260 persons, one of the best arranged places of amusement in the South.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Cor. Washington Star.*

SHE FIXED IT.

How an Enterprising Widow Managed an Ardent Admirer.

The three of us had been tramping over the battle-field of Malvern Hill all day long, and as night came on there was every evidence of a steady, soaking rain-storm. We had to get shelter right away, and we found it in a small farm-house owned by a widow. She was willing enough to furnish us supper, but when it came to lodgings she seemed greatly embarrassed.

"You see," she said, "my house is very small. Indeed, I have only this room with a bed-room off."

"But can't we sleep in the barn?" asked the Colonel.

"I have no barn."

"But you can go to bed and let us sleep on the floor, can't you?"

"Y-e-s, but—but—"

"Oh, you needn't have any fear of us, madam," protested the Colonel.

"It isn't that, sir, but—"

She blushed like a rose, but none of us could understand until she said:

"Well, to tell the truth, my beau will be here to-night."

"In this storm?"

"Oh, yes. William would come if it rained pitchforks."

"Well, we won't hurt William."

"No, sir, but we—that is, he will expect to spark me, and—and—"

"Exactly," said the Colonel. "I see the situation. You don't want to disappoint William?"

"No, sir; and I don't want to turn you gentlemen out, either. You see, sir, it's probably my only chance to get married and it won't do to offend William This is his sparking night, and he's got to come five miles."

"Well, we won't stand in the way; we will hunt some other place."

"No, sir, you shall stay; but you see how it it is. I think I can fix it. I'll take this room, and you three can have the bed-room."

"What! Deprive you of sleep?"

"Oh, no, sir. William and I always spark till daylight. If you would only fix it that way, sir."

We did. After supper we locked ourselves in the bed-room, and taking the pillows from the bed lay down on the floor and slept like bricks until called to breakfast. When we went to breakfast the Colonel asked:

"Well, did William show up?"

"Y-yes, sir," she stammered. "and he asked me to m-marry him! If we hadn't fixed things may-be he'd have waited a whole year longer. B-breakfast is ready, and I'll never forget your k-kindness to a poor widow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Violating His Contract.

"Pa," said Bobby, who had been allowed to sit up a little while after dinner with the distinct understanding that he was to ask no foolish questions, "can God do everything?"

"Yes."

"Can He make a two-foot rule with only one end to it?"

"One more question like that," said the old man, "and you will be packed off to bed."

Bobby nodded sleepily for ten minutes and then asked:

"Pa, can a camel go seven days without water?"

"Yes."

"Well, how many days could he go if he had water?"

The next thing Bobby knew he was in bed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

VALUE OF PEDIGREES.

The Merits of Registered Animals Over Those Not Registered.

This subject bobs up periodically. Some person discovers his inability to see any difference between an animal that is registered and the same animal if it was not registered. That is a clear statement of the difficulty in such cases. We are in receipt of a letter from a correspondent who is experiencing this trouble. Well, the answer is that there is no difference. Record makes an animal no better than it would be if it were not recorded. Nobody claims differently. The value of a recorded pedigree is just this: An animal can not be recorded unless it is well bred. Record establishes its good breeding. It also gives the history of its ancestors, a matter of great importance. It tells of the blood that is in its veins and no one of experience need be told that but for this safeguard the purchaser would often be imposed upon. There are men who are unprincipled enough to represent a grade to be full blood if they can safely do so. From time to time we are written to about such misrepresentations. Down in Pennsylvania there is a firm, or was one—we have heard little about it recently—who were engaged in selling what they called pure bred Jersey cattle. So far as we ever learned they misrepresented in every instance. They sold their cattle under the representation that they were recorded or eligible to record, when it was not true. In all the cases that came to our notice the purchasers did not consult the register until it was too late. But there was the register. They might have ascertained the facts if they had investigated, but they trusted a stranger and were deceived.

What is the merit of a registered animal over a good animal that is not registered? asks our correspondent. Generally speaking, the merit consists in the characteristics of the breed being fixed in the one and not in the other. The animal that is not entitled to registry is a grade. As an individual the grade may be superior to an individual full blood. But there is an uncertainty as to its ability to transmit its individual excellence. It may do it and it may not. The full blood, however, will practically reproduce itself. In estimating the value of a recorded animal its individual excellence should always be taken into account. Pedigree can not cure faults in the indivual. A fine blooded animal may have been so badly treated as to be worthless or comparatively so. The first thing to look after is not the pedigree, but individual merits. Find an animal that fills the eye and satisfies the judgment, and keep on looking until that object is achieved. Having found such an animal then the next thing to settle is its purity of breeding, and pedigree is the only means by which that can be settled. The pedigree must be had in some way, and now the question comes, shall we take the unsupported word of the breeder as to the pedigree, or go to the trouble of tracing it ourselves, and supporting every step by evidence of our own accumulation, or shall we go to an organization whose business it is to have such information, and there secure it? It would seem as if no one could hesitate for an instant to answer such a question.

What is to prevent the breeder from imposing upon the record? further asks our correspondent. These questions, it will be observed, are about the same series that every one propounds, who questions the value of record. In reply we would say that practically it is impossible for the breeder to impose upon the record. The breeding associations are efficiently managed, as a rule, and their rules are stringent, so stringent that the truth of a record may be depended upon with as great certainty as any business transaction can be depended upon. It has sometimes happened with some associations that they have been deceived, but the deception has been found out, and the record has been stronger as a result of the very attempt to impose upon it, and the evident watchfulness of the association to guard against imposition. A printed pedigree does not necessarily imply that we shall shut our ears and eyes to everything but the record. But a record is exceedingly helpful.

THE GREAT DESIDERATUM.

Can Power and Electricity Be Produced Direct from Coal.

The problem of problems in the world of scientific research just now is how to produce power and electricity direct from coal. Steam sets free only fourteen out of a possible hundred atoms of force in a given quantity of coal; hence the waste of power in the combustion of that carbonized material. Thomas A. Edison, the great American inventor, thinks that some means will yet be devised of getting electricity direct from coal. At present it is generated by steam, but in making the steam more than four-fifths of the possible power of the coal is wasted. It is this that prevents electricity being used as a motor. Even as an illuminant it is far more costly than oil. The annual charge for certain light-houses on the English coast was about $3,500 when oil was used. The cost of the electrical machinery in the same light-houses is over $11,000. Were it possible to get all the electrical power there is in a ton of coal, there would be a revolution in transportation. Great heavy locomotives would be no longer needed. The noise and smoke and fire of engines would be abolished, and the great space in steamships occupied by machinery and coal could be utilized for profitable cargoes. The solution of this problem would open a new era in the history of intercommunication between distant localities.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Baked Bread Pudding: Soak pieces of dry bread in milk; when soft mash them, and add four eggs, butter, sugar and spice, cinnamon or nutmeg, and rasins if preferred. Bake one hour and a half.—*The Cook.*

—Toads in hot-bed or green-house destroy, it is said, many harmful insects.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York, has had but seven pastors in one hundred years.

—Seven female ministers were members of the general convention of the Universalist Church in Brooklyn recently.

—Evangelist Moody says that church fairs are an abomination. He would rather worship in a barn than a church built by such methods.

—Many kindergarten teachers agree that the first choice among colors of all children under seven years of age is yellow. This admits of few exceptions.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Miss Catherine L. Wolfe's latest gift to the Protestant Episcopal Church is $75,000 for the erection of a clergy-house on the ground of the General Theological Seminary in New York.

—The Boston Young Men's Christian Association has over seven hundred young men enrolled in its eighteen evening educational classes. Few colleges have a larger number of students than that.

—There is talk of establishing dairy schools in some part of New York to teach dairymaids and others how to make butter and cheese. They are to be modeled after those in England and Ireland.—*Troy Times.*

—An arrangement has been made in Worcester, Mass., whereby the books in the public library are placed at the disposal of school children during the regular school hours and are freely loaned to teachers and scholars in connection with their studies.

—An eminent clergyman was asked for a series of brief papers "on what he knew about preaching." He replied: "The papers required will be very brief and very few, but if you should ask me to tell you what I don't know about preaching, I would reply, life is too short.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The professorship of biology held by Professor Huntley in the School of Science in South Kensington, London, has been abolished since he resigned. The salary was $3,200 a year, and the chair was considered "one of the few prizes open to biologists," so that its abolition finds little favor among men of science.

—The *Baptist Weekly* says: "As a mercenary measure, designed to lighten the burden of church building, memorial windows are becoming somewhat popular; but the object is often too apparent, and these transparencies are found to be suggestive of economical management rather than of hallowed memories of departed worth."

—The annual "lion" sermon was recently preached in London. The origin of this service dates back some two and a half centuries ago, when, according to tradition, Sir John Gayer, who was at one time Lord Mayor of London, left a sum of money for the purpose of commemorating his remarkable escape from death while journeying in Arabia.

—A recent address by Mr. Moody to the students of Northfield, Mass., consisted of these two words: "*Consecrate* and *Concentrate*," and he added a motto that he saw in England:

"Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Bronze is a very fashionable hue nowadays, but brass has not entirely gone out.—*Boston Budget.*

—The energy and perseverance exhibited by a tramp in evading work would make him rich in five years if his toes were turned the other way.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A Massachusetts gunsmith advertises "a perfectly safe boy's gun." But a perfectly safe boy is very unsafe when he has a gun.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The man who mortgages his property, while the money lasts, lives on the fat of the land, while the man who loans the cash has to be content with the lien.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—A would-be wit once said, speaking of the fair sex: "Ah! it's woman's mission to make fools of men." "And how vexed we are," said a bright-eyed lady present, "to find that Nature has so often forestalled us."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—There are said to be twenty-two different causes for headache, which, strangely enough, is about the number of popular alcoholic beverages. But, of course there is no connection.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A California blacksmith is dangerously ill with glanders, contracted while shoeing a horse. And a Pennsylvania woman is suffering from a sprained ankle, contracted while "shooing" a hen. There seems to be a fatality about this shoeing business.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A man who has kept account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife since their union consents to its publication, as follows: First year, 36,500; second year 16,000; third year, 3,650; fourth year, 120; fifth year, 2. He then left off keeping the record.—*Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.*

—A New Yorker said to a gentleman from the Lone Star State: "I am thinking of spending the winter in the South. Is Texas a healthy place? Is the air good?" "Well, I should smile. You will get to be one hundred years old in almost no time down there in that climate. We have the most wonderful climate in the world."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Mother, said a young wife, "would you mind cooking the dinner to-day? It would please John, I know. He complains so much of the new girl that I shall discharge her the moment I can get another." "Certainly," replied the old lady, cordially. At dinner John said to his wife: "Mary, that new girl seems to be gettin' worse and worse."—*Cook's Journal.*

—An old bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a woodcut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would ever kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young lady, he inquired; "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.—*Boston Bulletin.*